Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Rom. This dayes blacke fate on more daies doth depend,
This but begins the woe others muſt end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.
Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heaven reſpective lenity,
And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'ſt me, for *Mercutio's* ſoule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.
Tib. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone,
The Citizens are up, and *Tibalt* ſlaine:
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kil'd *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tibalt.*
Cit. Up ſir, goe with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
The unluckie mannage of this fatall brall.

There